

Innis Herald
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INNIS HERALD

v.5 #3



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THE TOIKE



**IS A DOWNHILL
PIG RACE**

P I G T O R I A L

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

There has never been such a crying need and such an overt demand for the Toike Oike of old. Yes, the Toike of old. The humour purveyor for the whole campus. The mirror in front of the Engineer's face showing him his own pseudo-(but funny) image of a hard drinking, harder loving, and most essential student of the whole campus. It was a smut sheet, and a proud one at that. There has never been such a large comedy vacuum to fill before. What with the waning credibility and reams (an old Toike pun) of heavy news about wars, drugs and general malaise to be found in the Varsity; a paper also plagued by big newspaper problems of impersonality, advertizing sales, political leanings and over-sophistication; the gap grows wider every day. What about the other campus papers? They exist in the background and they are increasing in popularity and circulation (especially the 'Free Press' of New College), but they leave the humour gap unfilled. Even our own 'Herald' makes attempts to fill the gap but it takes a long time to build a Toike tradition.

So where is the Toike? No goddamn place, that's where! The Toike has lost touch with the campus and with its real market. The present Toike is of the poorest and most plageristic quality. The jokes-what few of them there are-are lifts from Playboy, old joke books, and past Toikes. The photo's-what few of them there are-are of engineering initiation events and steam tunnels...great.

But the poorest and saddest change of all is the attempt of the Toike to actually print real news; a foreign substance never associated with the Toike before. Political and campus reporting just isn't in the Toike's veins-its a brain transplant that won't work.

In the past, the Toike had a place in the notebooks of every student, fulfilling the role of scandal and smut disseminator. Young Artsy women would blush when the Toike was mentioned or leave the room when it was read out loud. But those same pristine babes would risk a run in their best nylons, fighting for their own copy to take home and read in the toilet before burning it. Most of the men on campus would take a Toike (rather than a copy of Playboy or the National Inquirer)

to their favourite pub for a few laughs about booze, broads, and the campus way of life-as seen through the bloodshot eyes of the Toike. What patsie or Trinity student couldn't wait to pick up a copy to discover what uncalled for comments were made on their academic calling? And what guy hasn't tried a Granny Green recipe?

Not so now people. The Toike is dead. It has sacrificed its humour and comic credibility for a job it can never accomplish: printing real news.

Maybe there should be a mock funeral for the Toike?

SAC REPORT

Is SAC irrelevant?

The credibility and relevancy of SAC is being questioned by a growing number of students. Talk is heard of some faculties, such as engineering and Dentistry, wishing to withdraw, apparently because of ideological differences with the Council. CUS is dead, and we have heard ominous warnings that unless SAC becomes "more representative" it too will meet an untimely and ignominious end.

There is a basic concern of representivity - should a SAC rep be considered to "represent" the ideas and views of his constituents, or should he act as a free agent concerned with only his own views and responsible only to himself? This is a topic which has been much discussed, not only at SAC level but at all levels of government. The problem is really a philosophic one and likely will not be resolved until the elitist -type approach of representative democracy is replaced with a form of true democracy in which every individual actually participates in making the decisions which affect him. This is not to say that SAC reps should not attempt to acquaint themselves with the views of their constituents; on the contrary, they should, and these views should be taken into consideration when decisions are made.

.....cont. on page 11

SOME EXCERPTS FROM
AND ARISING COMMENTS ABOUT
MARSHALL McLuhan &
THE GREAT INNIS COLLEGE
BANQUET

"You all know this famous hockey player from the Innis College Faculty team. He needs no introduction, so I won't introduce him. No, he didn't come here to publicize his latest book "Counterblast". He's here to join with us in our celebration of the late Harold Adams Innis' birthday, which, as you all know, is today, November the fifth."

"Thankyou. Coincidentally, this is also Guy Fawks Day (no, this is not a description of what Guy does to Doris, it's the name of the holiday). Poor old Guy. He misguidedly tried to blow up the English Parliament; I wonder why he isn't the patron saint of all revolutionaries."

"Did ya hear the one about the Texan who is asked to prove, while on a trip north, that he is worthy to be called an Alaskan by drinking a barrel of whiskey, wrestling with a polar bear, and making love to an Eskimo (long pause) woman ? He drinks the whiskey, and leaves to perform the other tasks, only to return scarred and battered. He calls out 'Now where is that Eskimo woman I have to fight ?' "(maybe we shouldn't have printed this joke because it might spoil it's effect at his next banquet.)"

"And then there was the time that I flew out west to a University to pick up an honorary degree. As I arrived home at the Toronto airport, I was searched by narcotic-seeking customs men who had heard reliable information that I was carrying some L.L.D." (Alright, enough of the levity. We didn't come to this banquet to enjoy it, we came to be confused by your profound statements on media, now get on with it.)"

"You know that the University campus looks like utopia to Big businessmen. They're sick of business because there is no opportunity for dialogue. They drop out of it, in an attempt to regain touch with people. And, like L.B.J., they'll drop out to small colleges. Innis is lucky to be a small college. Innis will attract

Big business drop-outs. (Can you imagine Walter Gorden bringing down the budget for the Innis snack bar ?)

"Students are now being trained for jobs that don't exist. The dawning of the T.V. age has made it possible for three-year-olds to know as much about the world as grown-ups." (that's the stuff; lay it on us.)

"Since the launching of Sputnik, the earth is within the man-made environment. The moon has become a resource available to Space-ship Earth. Satellites have abolished Nature. It's now programmed and called 'Ecology'." (keep up the good work.)

"We are all actors in a Global Theatre. You notice how outdoor theatres have become acceptable since Sputnik?" (huh ?)

"We are nearing a Garbage Apocalypse. During the garbage strike, the only way to get rid of it was to gift-wrap it and leave it in the back seat of your car. Then someone would steal it for sure." (you're slipping back into jokes again.)

"Sideburns are suspenders for the ungartered mind. Mini-skirts are a type of high-rise, and everyone hopes that the end will soon be in sight. Hippie dress is a type of tribal costume, and shows deep involvement in roles. Roles have displaced goals." (that's what the Maple Leafs are thinking also.)

"The oral (aural ?) idea of the University is being adopted. This means that they are becoming real. The University is a major source of dialogue. Dialogue tries to tackle the impossible." (boy, I hope he mentions his famous 'cyclops' theory.)

"The motorcycle cop is the most tolerated of all policemen because he wears the costume of the hunter and his machine has only one, big, gleaming eye. (this could be it) Similarly, the T.V. image is also a cyclops, (yup, this is it) and how about the scientists with one eye to the microscope?"

"Radio brought in the Booze Empire, and T.V. brought in the Drug Empire. Radio brought in Jazz and World Tribalism." (sure, anything you say.)

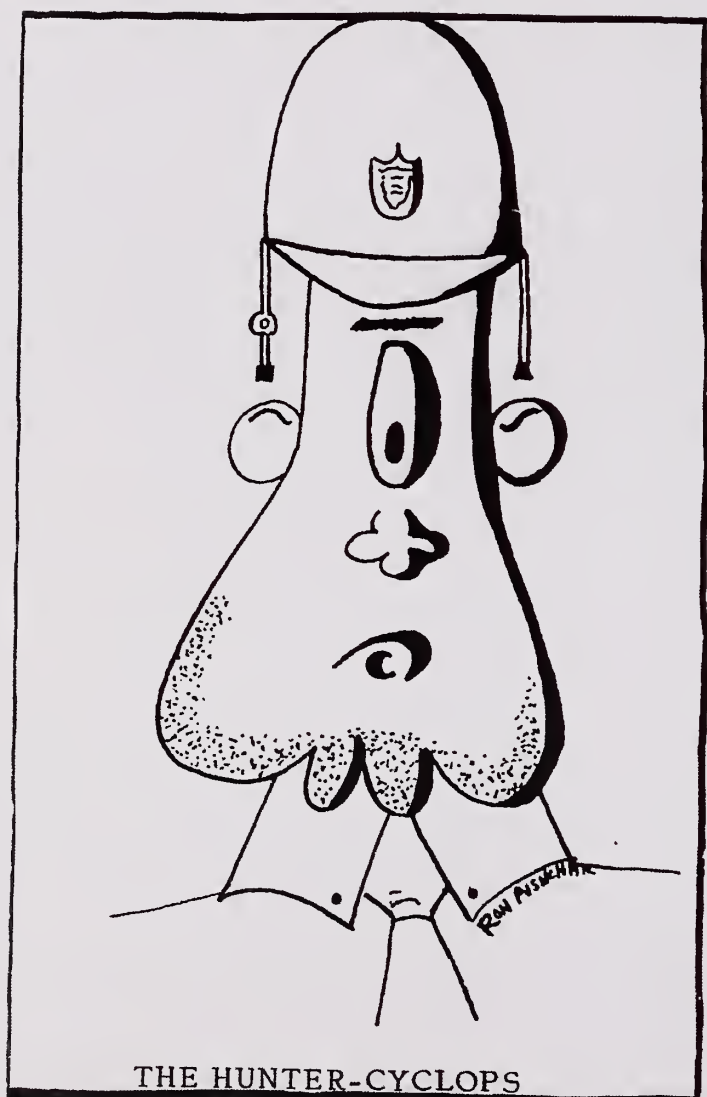
"People are on an inner trip. To add drugs (chemicals) causes panic because of the electrical circuit environment we're in." (take that you acid-heads.)

"To purge something of something, you must imitate it. But it's only trying to get off the hook. It's not an answer, only a strategy. You can find Corporate Criminality." (I knew he could lose me if he tried.)

"And as Rodin said to his model for the 'Thinker'.....'O. K. stupid, you can get down now.' "

[these indirect quotations are taken from hastily scribbled notes, spattered with coffee and tepid Hart House 'beef stroganoff']

Andy Sos



A POEM TO TUNE INTO NEXT DECEMBER'S ELECTION WITH

Puffed with
the importance of you,
you bag of wind,
you're gross.

A gasping, grasping mealy-mouth,
the words roll out
from your cess-pool mouth
like turgid turds
and splash
with silent ripples
in the empty sewers
that you've built about
your obese hulk.

Like a lurking toad you sit -

Oh shit,
what's the use,
you can't hear me anyway.

C.C. Peterson



x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

THE INNIS HERALD

Vol. #5 Issue No. 3

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Jack Pasternak

Judi Schwartz

Andy Sos

Don Stuart

John Whittam

Its getting late.....

a lot earlier than it used to.

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

LETTER FROM UGANDA

Makerere University College,
Kampala Uganda,
October, 1969.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Well here we are some 10,000 miles apart, but things aren't all that different. Everyone here complains about the book-store and the library; the food in residence is lousy; they're writing a new constitution for the University, and half of my students handed in their first-term essays late. I guess there are some universal iron laws at work on the University scene.

But then there are some differences which take a bit of getting used to. The biggest shock was to find that most, if not all, of my students thought I had something to tell them. The assumption seems to be that I know something which they can learn by listening to me. A far cry from the "resource-person" or "chum" view of the professor coming into vogue on the north-American campus.

This is not just a difference in educational ideology. I suspect it also has something to do with the fact that these students come from a more deferential society than you do - one in which there is still a great deal of respect for traditional authority as well as for those in positions of authority in the organizations of the modern state. Then too for every one of them, in coming to university all their chips are on the line. The only thing that separates them from spending the rest of their life in a village of mud-huts on about \$100 a year is the B.A. And not very many of them are 'emancipated' (or affluent) enough to regard such a fate as a blissful escape from the madness of our modern world. Industrialization, modernization and economic growth. These things look pretty good when you haven't much of them. There's a pretty clear consensus that these things are good and that they (the students) by getting a university education, can and should contribute to them. No agonizing debate here about the "purpose of the university" although there is lots of talk about the best way of making it relevant to the tasks of nation-building and development.

I teach mostly philosophy, and believe me, there is much discussion of the contribution philosophy can make to a developing nation. This is a switch. The economists are heroes here. Everyone is sure that they're relevant, even the capitalist types. But the philosophers? Well, we're a bit on the defensive. When the prime needs of a society seem so evident, is there a strong case for cultivating the philosophic temperament? I am too unreconstructed a "liberal" to think that the answer to that question could be anything but yes. But it wouldn't be a very assertive yes.

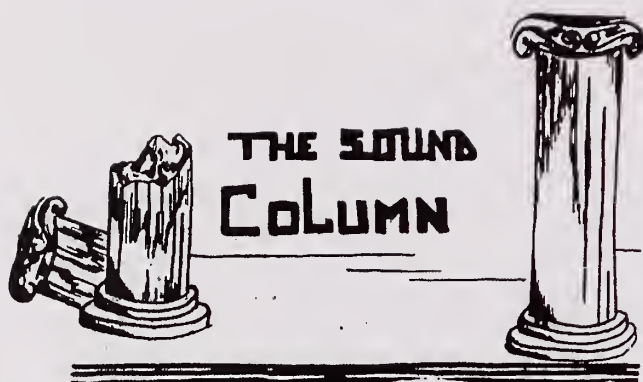
I don't want you to get the idea that the student body here is just one great mass of uncomplicated, achievement-oriented "men on the make". They have their hang-ups too but they're different from your's. Surely their toughest problem is poverty. Not just their own, although for most of them that is enough. (for instance, nearly all students send home for the support of their family a goodly portion of the small government bursary they receive). But perhaps for many what will be even more difficult is to decide whether to work for their own personal escape from this poverty and belong to the emergent African bourgeoisie or to forsake the material emoluments (sic) which seem to be nearly the universal privilege of an educated elite and build a more egalitarian society. So far, here in Uganda, I have not encountered many students who would seem prepared to choose the latter, although with the example of Tanzania so close at hand, more are coming to see that such a choice may have to be made.

Best regards to you
and all Innisianians

Peter Russell

????????????????

Our noteworthy and syndicated columnist Mr. John C. Morris was unable to write his column this month due to "pinball thumbs".



ARLO

VS

MUSIC

Arlo Guthrie, son of Woody, has recorded a song entitled "Alice's Restaurant" that occupies one side of a listenable LP entitled, oddly enough, "Alice's Restaurant". This song has made Arlo's fortune because of its appeal to the anti-war sentiments among the record consuming young people of north America, and because it is very funny. This production was reproduced in both book and movie form, appropriately titled "Alice's Restaurant" (wow!). I won't review those here, but they aren't box-office failures.

However, a list of laurels doesn't change the fact that Arlo can be none but himself on a concert stage. If he isn't giving us the talking blues of his one great number, then he is singing; that makes me look for the lobby. His voice (if such is recognized) is overly Dylanesque and lacks the polish of singing technique. (Arlo sounds good on the other side of his LP though, but that proves that technicians are able to do anything.) I would agree that Arlo is sick, to the point of nausea, at the thought of performing his one big winner over and over - he expressed this in concert by parodying the song in a number called "Alice's Rock 'n Roll Restaurant". It was a subconscious reaction to the tedium of a single hit. But I would rather have heard "Alice's Restaurant" again than the other stuff he attempted.

The guitar and piano were mixed poorly and seemed embroiled in an unresolved volume competition. The harmony (by Arlo and his guitarist) was of the lowest order and palled. The only number

that got to me was sung in a good Dylan style and voice and was about flying pot (stash-in Arlo's idiom) across the Mexican border into the US. It made an impression only because it was bringing back memories of Dylan, singing tunes of the same rhythm and style, on the same stage. Good memories.

But, musical quality aside, there are two important positive aspects of Arlo's visit to TO that should be exposed. To take the lesser first; Arlo has real gut humour. He may not be all there but he is funny. Indeed, it's the only time I was glad that a set contained two short numbers. The rest (25 minutes approximately) was occupied by Arlo's own version of the story of Moses told as a pot party and Arlo's own pocket history of the ancient birth of music including the flooding of the Nile and Arlo's explanation of the inspiration behind "the ring around the rosie-rag". His humour is exaggerated and surprisingly well timed. Sort of like a folky-white Bill Cosby. A lot of narration and a lot of laughs.

But the aspect of that Thursday evening that deserves the most notice is the change in the medium of concerts. From the point of view of the audience, the concert has taken on new form. There is a rapport physically as well as visually and acoustically. By the half-time intermission, 1/3 the audience was in the front aisles and a good number were on stage. No trouble, just milling and talking. The concert never looked back. The man came and tried to move people but they moved reluctantly or not at all. Near the end, the stage was filled with fans. Not breaking or disrupting but being close and listening and watching. To those of us who stayed in our seats, tough break - maybe we're old and don't adapt to new situations anymore. But those who do extend themselves are part of the North American trend towards involvement instead of entertainment. Our peers don't want to see movies of a happy unreal world, they want the McCoy-like the slums of New York city in Midnight Cowboy or the tough biggotted small towns of the southern U.S. like in Easy Rider. In music they don't want to sit in the bleachers and hear the Beachboys. They want to be knee-deep in the action like the foreground of

the Rock and Roll Revival, or around the piano at Arlo's Concert. At times like this I wonder whether authority people like cops are right in assuming that the buffs at revivals and concerts want a lock or hair or a piece of clothing or whether they want to get close and touch and watch and emote with the performers. I agree that it's a scary concept with the thousands of people involved and I can't see the end but the movement doesn't make me angry either just curious.

INNIS COVERS CURVES

The Innis Herald, in the interests of public service, has undertaken a survey of traffic densities on St. George Street, the thoroughfare of the University of Toronto campus. The study was instigated by the Herald's own internal affairs commissioner as a response to erroneous fallacies perpetuated by certain prudish-minded interest groups on this campus. There have been wild claims of sex, perversion, and cherry pudding eaten without a spoon made about this area of the campus but these statements are completely untrue-lies, rumour spreading at its worst. Our crack reporter, Ophelia Bushe, was sent out to expose these unusual comings and goings on and the results of her exhaustive study are now in. However, there has been heated discussion and non-verbal communication among the members of the Herald staff as to whether the findings of such a paper should be classified for restricted use or not. As our Editor interjected, "We tell everybody-won't be no action for us." But in the interests of public information, his views were vetoed and we went ahead and published the truth.

Ophelia gained her information by walking back and forth along St. George Street with 63 St. George as her central point or pivot. She used techniques of investigatory expertise such as personal interviewing, random sampling, and even the occasional task to discover these pertinent facts. Firstly that the traffic pattern on St. George is highly repetitive and very consistent. The traffic goes north and then south according to the hourly time changes, or as Ophelia would have it, "Up and down, up and

HAIR--10 % OFF !!!

Yes people-you can get tickets for the Toronto production of the tribal folk rock musical

HAIR

for the performances of the 28th & 29th of January.

see Steve Klein at Innis II
63 St. George St.

down. My god, it's a real treat to see someone come across once in a while." She also discovered a high correlation between the changing of the lights at the intersection of Hoskin and St. George and the direction of traffic flow. When the light was green, the normal flow gave way to more rapid mechanical motion in the street but when the light was red, there was an increased number of people coming across. A highly indicative observation.

The second observation was that the traffic quickened towards the evening but that there were small sporadic spurts between two and four. However the flow reached its climax around seven or eight and then dwindled rapidly by about nine.

Ophelia's third astute observation was a derivation of the density of traffic per square unit of sidewalk to determine accurately, just how many people were able to walk abreast at a given time. However as she went down on the sidewalk to measure the width of the curb, she was picked up by the fuzz. After a lengthy explanation of her noble academic intent, and her empathetic statement that she wouldn't hold still for this type of police brutality, the arresting officers were convinced and saw fit to let her continue. She discovered consequently that the densities per sidewalk area are highest directly outside of the MacDonald-Mowatt house and that they increase to unmanageable proportions before the entrance.

These findings are unbiased and complete. We the staff of the INNIS HERALD can conceivably see the necessity of exercising some control in this area.

WEEK - END T - GROUP

[sensitivity training]

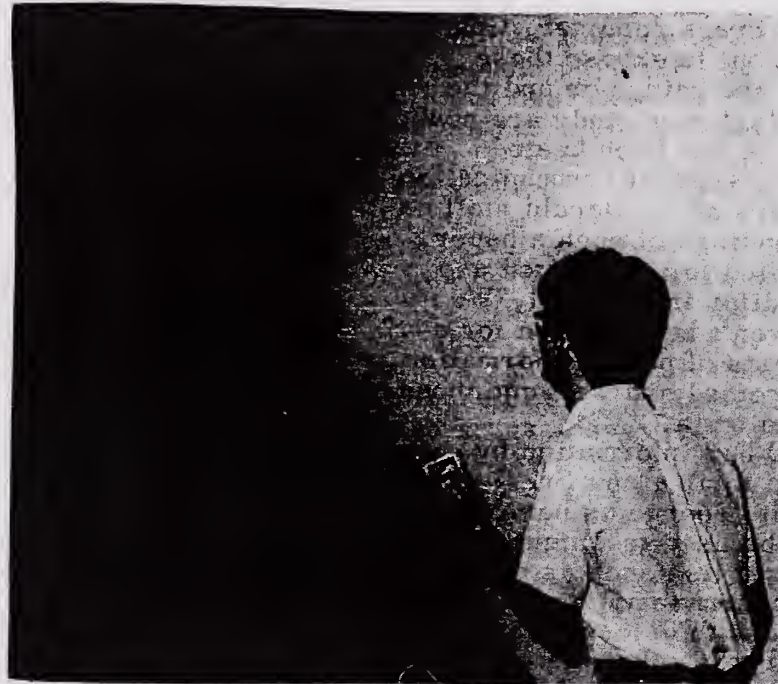
Friday evening-Sunday afternoon
December 5th to 7th

If you are uncertain and want to explore
the idea further before you decide, talk to
Phil McKenna Renee Block at Innis II

Cost: 10.00 \$ all-inclusive
(possibly 8.00 \$)

Please apply
Room 202 Innis II

J EDGAR SLONE GOT A CUMMERCE REDLIGHT LOAN



AND HE SLEEPS BETTER FOR IT !!!!!

RENEE BLOCK

After two months at Innis College I feel moved to pull together a few tentative impressions of what it's like to be here and how I see my involvement with the college.

Why does a person labelled "counsellor" want to be here at all? My own motives in coming to Innis were based largely on a longing to get together with people as a real human being and a member of the community, and only secondarily as a person with a specific role. This has evolved for me over the years as a result of my growing disenchantment with "professionalism" as commonly practiced by doctors, social workers, psychologists and others in the human relations field. I have found, in my past experiences as teacher and helper, that my usefulness to another person was in direct proportion to the amount of freedom, warmth, and mutuality of the relationship. At the same time I made the depressing discovery that, in most institutions which hire helpers, such relationships are discouraged: not openly, but nevertheless with lethal effectiveness through carefully built-in, lovingly nurtured, entrenched inequalities in role, status, and power.

My problem then, became to find a place where I could develop relationships with people on an equal basis, with no third-party loyalties or conflicting obligations to the employer. Above all, my role must be completely free from any kind of power over another person. My job at Innis meets these conditions. Here there is no pressure on me to define my goals, beliefs or tasks. There is no compulsion on any student to become involved with me. I have no official influence whatsoever on anyone's academic or personal life. My information is held in strict confidence unless the student specifically permits otherwise. This freedom from unwarranted power is still a fresh, new feeling for me. I am enjoying it very much.

With the achievement of this basic need, the first step was to get to know the people here: to know all they were willing for me to know about how they lived and worked, what they liked, valued, hated, and what they wanted out of being here (here-meaning Innis or University life generally). So I looked for people and they weren't hard to find-in the lounge, the snack bar, the common rooms, and even the lady's washroom proved to be a place of successful meetings. The students responded to my initial discomfort with friendliness and a casual acceptance, but now I enjoy more and more these chance encounters, because they often grow into more sustained ones. I feel these informal contacts give students a chance to find out what I'm like, so that if ever they want a listening ear for a personal concern, they won't have to approach a stranger-which many wouldn't do unless they were positively dying. I too prefer that a student seeks me out on the basis of some personal acquaintance, not because of the mystique surrounding the concept "counsellor". I am glad that a variety of students with major and minor concerns have come to talk; glad also that those who felt no need for counselling have just dropped in for a minute or an hour. In other words, I have become a part of the furniture-just what I had hoped for. In the beginning I couldn't shake off an occasional anxiety whether students would actually make use of me. It seems probable now, if the trend continues, that I could spend most of my time this way, plus maybe working with a small group or two. For example, I think a group of us might get together to table a wide-spread source of grief to students: excessive worry about academic performance, coupled with difficulty in concentration and acute distress over exams. I had no idea until I came here that this was such a major hassle for so many.

Now one might think that all this could keep a counsellor happily occupied, especially one who, like me, is there only part time. For me there has to be another dimension-call it fantasy if you like. I really want to get this across, it is my main reason for writing this article: we all know how modern urban society isolates, dwarfs and depersonalizes the individual. The University is no better- worse

probably, for to the usual recipe for alienation you can add a cult of competition more pointed and an evaluative system more lacking in charity than any you may ever experience in business or professional life. Consider what this does to the shy, the anxious, the lonely, the estranged. It can only make them more so, even if we hire a gaggle of counsellors. What they need - what we all need - in this scholarly jungle - is a place of safety, a genuine community, where most people will accept us, hopefully a few will love us, and we can occasionally be unpleasant or stupid without risk of eviction. Most of us, to a variable degree, achieve some such way of connecting with our fellows. But I have an uneasy hunch that the most needy among us seldom dare even try. A survey last year showed that about one hundred Innis students used the college facilities, i.e., lounges, lunchroom, writing lab, etc. Suppose we even double this figure, where are the other 500? No doubt, many are having a full, rich life elsewhere. We needn't worry about them. But what about the rest? At registration I saw a few kids whose unhappy, vulnerable faces so struck me that I remember them perfectly, though I never saw them again. Not for one moment would I suggest that this is the situation specific to Innis. It is, sadly, the common fate of those who are missing a couple of thicknesses of skin, and the raw chill of a no-contact society penetrates to where it hurts.

When I talk like this, to people of my own generation, I am apt to be told to be more realistic and stop indulging in surrealistic dreams. Well, they have a point. It can be more fun, in our life-style, to put someone down than to build him up. Our own immediate and compelling needs, our jealously guarded time, our inertia, and above all, the years of being programmed not to "intrude" on others make it a painful effort to reach out. Yet, I can't get cynical about it. Amidst all this indifference there is also compassion. There are students around here who care, who want to be perceptive of others and get involved. People like that are worth more to a depressed fellow-student than ninety hours of counselling. True, the capacity to communicate needs, to some extent, to be learned - not quite like you'd learn math 134, but as part of one's own human development. It can be a frustration and a threat

to self esteem when the person you are reaching out to rebuffs your attempt at friendship. A socially isolated person hasn't much trust, and while dying to be touched may yet repulse the toucher. Fortunately there are many other instances where just a little caring, a fragment of concern, is enough to give someone a start - occasionally a breakthrough.

So there's the situation of Innis - a place where enough people could care about one another to make outsiders into insiders. It is of enormous importance to me to help make it happen. I have a lot of questions as to how best to go about it and I'm pretty light on certainties. Maybe some of you will conclude that the whole idea is absurd. Occasionally I think so myself, though I can't help hoping that a few of you will find within the absurdity, an echo of your own thoughts and a desire to explore the possibilities. If you do so, I implore you to ascend one flight of stairs at Innis II, find room 202, and tell me your ideas. Perhaps some of you are not sure what you think - then listen the next time Radio Varsity brings you the song of the prophet minstrel:

"If your life is a leaf that the seasons tear off and condemn,
they will bind you with love that
is graceful and green as a stem."

RENEE BLOCK



Another point of contention is that of the purpose and scope of SAC. The constitution of SAC provides that the purpose of the Council shall be:

1. To act as the representative of the students of the University of Toronto.
2. To initiate, sponsor, direct, and provide facilities for the services, activities, and publications in which the interests of the students are involved.
3. To foster the intellectual and moral growth of the student and benefit him and his community.
4. To safeguard the individual rights of the student regardless of race, colour, creed, nationality or place of origin.

In recent years these provisions have been interpreted in a fairly wide sense, insofar as the interests of the students have been assumed to go beyond the narrow confines of the campus. This, I believe, is a valid assumption as students are a part of the larger society and many problems (such as housing, pollution, war, etc.) affect all members of society, not just students. However, there are students, some of whom it would seem are members of SAC, who are selfishly concerned only with their own little world. It appears that they consider cooperation with other members of society, such as labour, as being "beyond our jurisdiction, and things that don't concern students." Despite denials to the contrary, it would appear that these same individuals are also against the fundamental right of workers to organize into unions; the obstructive tactics began at the August meeting and have continued unabated since then.

This pettiness and obstructionism has been a major factor in contributing to the circus-like atmosphere of some of the recent SAC meetings. Dialectical debate and emotional speeches have given the impression that SAC is nothing more than a bi-weekly debating union.

Another problem has been the lack of a general policy where SAC is heading. This has now been overcome by the adoption of a working paper on priorities prepared by Finance Commissioner Bob James. It recognizes that many stu-

dents would be content to have a council which met their needs in a social way by increasing the services and cultural aspects of SAC policy. This would keep students on campus and build a nebulous "spirit" at U of T. However, it would ignore many of the problems that face students, such as summer employment, student aid, housing and course content. A student council cannot claim to act in the best interests of its constituents unless it is prepared to deal with these issues, which inevitably lead it into the political arena. The priorities SAC has adopted for the coming year are educational. The first is increased aid to course unions and clubs in an attempt to make the university more meaningful to students and to provide a base for their questioning the education they are receiving. The second priority is in the area outside the university itself, in community action projects. In such work, students not only increase their own education, and political awareness, but also that of others. Groups such as VDEP and SHOUT will continue to receive assistance, thus building community links. The third, and perhaps most important priority, is that of communication, both with students and with the whole outside community. In summary then, SAC has not become irrelevant to the students on this campus merely because attention is being focused on work other than dances and social activities; rather, the majority of SAC members are concerned with the more fundamental interests of the students and indeed, the community at large. Hopefully, with the commitment to this policy and improved communications SAC will become more meaningful to the members of this university. If you have any ideas how SAC can be improved, or criticisms of its policies or actions, the SAC Restructuring Committee would like to hear from you. Call 923-6221 or drop a line to the committee at SAC office.

Peter Boswell
Innis SAC rep.

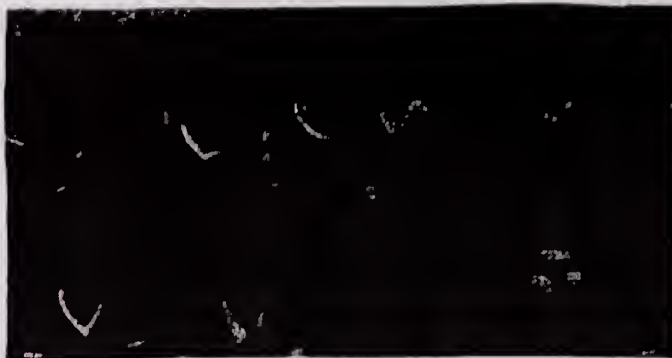
INNISPORTS

Soccer-Innis made the finals this year by virtue of their 5-2 record, a second place finish in the second division. The team ensured their position by winning their last three games in a row [2-1 New college, 5-0 Law (Dennis Newman with the shut-out), and Knox by default-the ref. declared "I'm not waiting any longer for a bunch of preachers to show up".]

In the first game of the play-offs, Innis met a formidable foe in Erindale. In the first half, Erindale took the lead on a penalty shot but Mike D'ordenellas evened the score with a perfect right-wing shot that beat the goalie completely. In the second half, Erindale took the lead and lost it as John Whittam put Peter Beyers in scoring position with a well placed pass. Regular time ran out with the game in a 2-2 tie. As the first of the two 10 min. overtime periods got underway, Whittam and Beyers combined again to score what proved to be the winning goal. However, it would not have been, had not goalie Dennis Newman made a spectacular penalty shot save in the last minute of overtime play. This win took Innis into the semi-finals against Grads (supposedly the best team in the league) last thursday. The day was cold and windy and the field was muddy and wet. For the first half, Innis was more than a match for Grads; in fact, they were leading 2-1 for a good portion of the half until Grads tied it up with a quick goal to end the half. On the other side of halftime, Grads scored two goals and dominated the play. Innis suffered exhaustion running against the wind from their previous game against Erindale. The loss ended the season but it was one to be remembered. Congratulations team, well done.

Lacrosse-This year the Innis Internationals (our modest but proud team) went through a rebuilding process and played well despite loosing five first string men who (finally) graduated last year. In their last game v.s. P.H.E. A's, (a powerhouse in the lacrosse circuit), they lost only 11-8 with goals by Walker, Okihiro & Kril. Their initial taste of blood in the first division wasn't overly successful but with a new season and more experience, they will be formidable contenders.

Rugger-With a 3-1-1 record the Innis rugger team finished in second place and



qualified for a playoff position. The first game in the playoffs was against Trinity A, it was their last as they lost 11-0 to a better team. It was an exciting season and everyone on the team is looking forward to next year.

SHORTS.....

the first game of the season for the Innis hockey team was an 8-0 victory over U.C.b. Way to go team..... Dave Arnold, defense star for the soccer team suffered a dislocated shoulder while playing for the Innis rugger team. A heavy tackle did Dave in as he was carrying the ball. The soccer team sure missed him Thursday and we all wish him a speedy recovery..... the seconds hockey team, in their usual style, lost gracefully 8-0 last week. They would appreciate more players next game-especially a goalie..... the champion Innis waterpolo team is working up for another season. Goodluck men..... the hockey team defaulted their game of Thurs. Nov. 20th through some confusion of schedules and times. Pull it together team.

by Jack Pasternak

